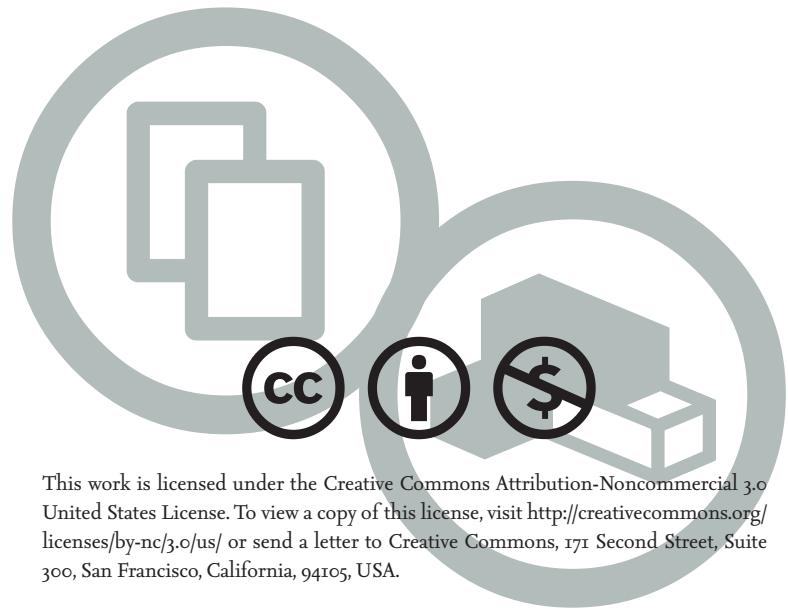




**IT'S CROWDED HERE,
IN REHAB**

DENNIS GAENS



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Translated by Jop Luberti @ www.deepsleeprecords.nl
Original title: Het is druk hier, in de ontwenningskliniek (Dutch)



III

We are more our fingertips
than shoulder-blades,
less our toes,
our spines more and more.

We think with our nostrils more often
than with our auricles.
When we walk, we lean slightly left
and our talk is lightly loud.

Eye to eye with a lesser death
we are inclined to spit;
straight, right between the eyes.

Look, we're already biting and walking,
finding, quicker than you may think,
our way here, by touch.
It's not that we don't like you,
but we have other things to do
and that gets to us.

It was a long drop
and in mid-air, you can only run on empty
but there is ground in sight.
From now on we are
purely purifying.

Our bad intentions
– like insignias – we pinned
on our sleeves and
we won't be home late tonight;
we're out of here.

Aim for the lights.

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We have (9) reconciled where possible.

We persist (10) in drawing up lists.

We have (11) resolved to escape.

We have (12) understood a small part and
will carry out the message.

We are (13) one step further.

We have (1) lost control.
We have (2) given up good health.
We have (3) decided that we have to give up.
We have (4) made an inventory.

I

The girl with her fear of abandonment
really needs to get rid of her belongings.

Knick-knacks, boxes full of
bags full of junk.

The coffee table is littered with coasters
but there's never a drink in the house.
In her cupboards clean saucers and
cups with cardboard still in between.

She's got square yards full of history,
vases filled with questions,
strange shescrapers,
vegetarian cookbooks
and an unused wok.
A hearth of resentment
and potatoes. Bags full of.

She's got these little
things, you know:
amulets, Scotch tape, keyrings,
tin trains and tiny altars
with a stamp-size virgin Mary.

She can't keep a firm hand when
drawing a cross-sign. When
cross-line meets cross-line
she starts crying.

II

the boy with his fear of commitment
hears every sound equally loud
and he knows not where his ear
to which his ear
wait to which he has to lend his ear

every two days there is
a new pair of shoes
in front of his door, behind an
older pair, behind an
older pair in formation
toward the next door
the door next to
next to that the door
the door
next to
next to that the toilet

it's okay until somebody
trips and all the shoes
– one pair excepted – will have to be thrown out again
and there's always somebody who trips
because there are bets

somebody wins something
again and again he chooses to keep
the newest pair
and the door is shut for days on end

then he comes out waving wildly
convinced that the air inside his room
is turning solid
only after days of airing the whole thing
the door closes
and there are new bets to be placed

DANK U !

WIJ ZAMELEN UW GEBRUIKTE
KLEDING EN SCHOENEN IN

DMW RECO



We have (5) confessed our sins.

We are (6) prepared to come up short.

We have (7) decided to wear out our shortcomings.

We have (8) made a list of friends and foes.